

Andy Shaw

Three generations (and he loathed them all)
bought meat from Andy Shaw who clerked for Etter,
working six days a week for thirty years,
hating his job and looking for better.

He never married and he blamed his wage,
never went more than twenty miles from town;
and every year came earlier to work,
cursing the butcher shop that tied him down.

When Charlie Etter died his son came home
to run the store, so Andy got his pay.

Some claim the old man cried, offered to work
for less - or nothing - if they'd let him stay.

Alden Nowlan